

England [Type. - Misc]

BRITANNIA:

1710
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POEM.

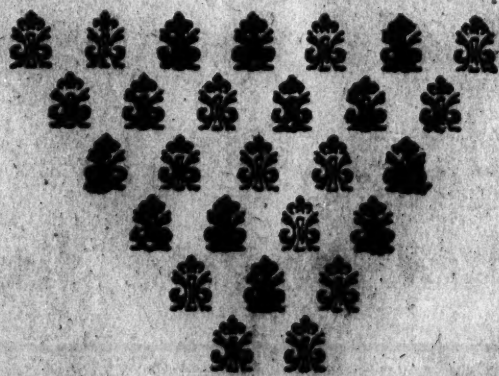
With all Humility INSCRIB'D

TO THE

FIFTY TWO

(Not Guilty)

LORDS.



LONDON:

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BRITAINIA

A

P O F M.

With all Immunity INSCRIBED

TO THE

ELFITY TWO

(NOT GUILTY)

L O R D S.

It is the duty of the Court to inquire into the guilt of the accused, and to pronounce sentence accordingly. The Court is bound to follow the law, and to give judgment according to the evidence. The Court is not to be influenced by any considerations of pity or compassion. The Court is to be guided by the principles of justice, and to do what is right in the eyes of God and man.

L O R D S.

It is the duty of the Court to inquire into the guilt of the accused, and to pronounce sentence accordingly.

Britannia:

P O E M, &c.

O Fair BRITANNIA! Lovliest of the Sea,
 Thou Queen of Islands! Heroes! Worship thee.
 How oft thy Ravish'd Beauties have been made,
 The sweet Reward of him that durst invade?
 The Polite *Roman*, *Saxon* and Rough *Dane*,
 The Love-born *Norman* next; then *France* and *Spain*,
 Like them, would have thy fruitful Charms subdu'd,
 For all aspire at Universal Good.

But thus to see thee, Languid and Forlorn;
 Thy Beamless Face, of all its Brightness thorn;
 Thy Teeming Breast, heaving, with inward Woes,
 Emphatick Groans the touching Pains disclose;
 Who by such fading Charms cou'd now be warm'd,
 Who by those swol'n, those watry Eyes, be Charm'd?

Who

~~Who wou'd believe thou e'er wert so renown'd?~~

By every Rival fought, by *Many* found,
Whose whit'ned Sails, did *Liquid* Thee surround.

Thus mourning on a bleak and desert Shore,
Has *Faction* stript Thee of thy valu'd Store?

Are all thy *Honors*, by the *Impious* Wore?
Has some *Unnatural* Sons provok'd Despair?

O yet (remember) thou hast many Fair.

Why dost thou then *AUGUSTA's* Spires forgo?

AUGUSTA yet, can bright Examples show:

Such who with *Demy-Gods* shall be enrol'd!

Tenacious of thy *Rights*, as Just, as Bold.

See Warlike *ORMOND*, Eminent he stands,

The Bulwark of thy Isles, on Foreign Strands:

From *Vigo* massy Plate and Victory he brought,

And on *Batavian* Plains, like the dread God he fought.

Not *Mars* more lovely, or more Fierce, cou'd be,

Nor *Mercy's* Self, more *Merciful*, than He.

Whoe'er in distant Lands, like him, has Honor fought?

Or to a pitch so high, the *English* Glory wrought?

Who lavish'd his large Store? profusely as he Fought:

Nor coveting, nor needing Foreign Gold,

Thy Honor, *Great Britannia!* to uphold.

BEAUFORT of *Regal* Race, who all things noble dares,
 Kindred by *Suz*, as *Birth*, to those, whose Blood he shares.
 As with Renown, thy early Life's begun,
 O BEAUFORT! thou *Britannia's* darling Son!
 With undiminish'd Force, the glorious Stage shall run:
 With all the Courage, that High-Birth bestows;
 With that just Warmth, that in just Bosoms glows:
 Shall *dauntless* prove, and growing *Faction* tread,
 And *Move* and *Speak*, and *Look*, the *Hydra* Dead.
 Th' eternal Robe of *Virtue*, thou shalt wear,
 For all Behind is *White*, and all Before is *Fair*.

NORTHUMBERLAND, whose Form Divine does show,
 Part of th' *Ethereal* Beauty lodg'd below:
 True Emblem of his Soul, which yet no spot has known,
 No mean *Apostacy*, his *steadfast* Life has shown,
 But of a piece the whole, all Kindred to the Throne.

Does TALBOT's Race survive? and can *Britannia* mourn?
 Whilst yet more Worth, is by *This* TALBOT worn.
Maria knew him well, and all bestow'd,
 Which Sovereigns, Grateful, to just Subjects, ow'd.
 The weight of Business, greatly he endur'd;
 For *William's* Life, was by his Care secur'd.

LEEDS, thy important Head can all foresee,
 Even *Nassau* ow'd his *brightest* Throne to thee.

Maria's Heart, where it was more Pomp to Reign,
 Than o'er whole Worlds of an inferior Strain;
 Fear not *Britannia* whilst thy *LEEDS* survives:
 Vainly the wrestling Mortals with an Angel strives.

SHEFFIELD! whose Princely Dignity bestows,
 More Glory to the Muse, from whence all Glory flows:
 O woud'st thou in thy own eternal Strein,
 And sweetly as *Almeria's* Fate was sung, but Deign
 To weep the Woes, of which I wou'd Complain.
 Who can teach Stedfastness, so much as you?
 Who whilst you teach, so stedfastly pursue.
 You! whose great Heart, the worth of *Honors* know:
 And yet when *Glory* calls, those *Honors* can forgo.

O HAMILTON! thy Immemorial Race,
 In Royal *Scottish* Annals, fill their Place:
 But I no more should speak of *Them*, or *Thee*;
 They were---- Thou art---- and ever so shall be
 Too big for my low Strains, not fit to raise,
 My Voice up to a height I wou'd, but dare not Praise.

P E M B R O K E, the lofty *Cedar* of the Grove,
 Under whose Shade, Kings may securely move.
 O only Man! by all Mankind admir'd:
 Whose *Clay* by an *Eth'ral* Hand was fir'd;

Ma

And

And thence inform'd, with *more* than *Human* Soul,
 So Great, so Just, so *Vertuous*, is the whole.
 How is each Scene of Life, so nicely wrought?
 How much above *Humanity* or *Fault*;
 Thou stand'st a *Pattern* few can imitate,
 And none can reach: it is not in their Fate:
 For who was e'er by all Men lov'd but you?
 By all Men Prais'd, and yet deserv'd it too.

NORTHAMPTON, can thy *Loyal* House e'er bear?
 Such an Apostacy, O Death! to hear,
 O! Mourn His Wit! and shed a pittyng Tear.
 Yet steadfast *Thou*, must ever be ador'd,
 By all his Wiles, and Graces, unallur'd.

DENBEIGH, and BERKSHIRE, both consign'd to Fame,
 High on your Wings, bear their Triumphant Name,

THANET so free from *Vice*, so truly good,
 His *Charity* so nobly understood.
 The Poor he feeds, he Cloaths, his Bounty warms,
 Protects the Wretched from Insults and Harms,
 Yet in the Manner, more entirely Charms.

SCARSDALE, Melodious ANGLESEY appear,
 SUSSEX and YARMOUTH, we must each revere.

NOTTINGHAM, once, the *Pillar* of the State;
 Whilst this strong *Atlas* bore Imperial Weight.

Join'd

Join'd with great *ROCHESTER*, what *France* cou'd boast
 A Carpet Victory? We, what Honour lost?
 Sedately Wise, Capacious, and Retentive too;
 They *Mazarine* and *Richieu* can out-do.
 Free from that haughty Sullenness and Pride,
 Which oft great Wisdom, and great Power, betide.
 Shou'd fair *Britannia's* Genius, nod a while;
 Safely on These, she might repose her Toil,
 So deep and close their wond'rous Sense is laid,
 Whole Nature at one View's by them survey'd.
 Whom such a perfect Goodness, perfect Knowledge bless,
 The Cabinet and State, must Govern with Success.
 O *Hyde*! Great in thy self, great in thy Father's Fame,
 His Annals shall survive, the lasting *British* Name.

Fair *ABINGDON*, thy Charms oppress'd of late,
 By the inclement Air, of a Tumultuous State,
 Retir'd to Rural Seats, thou Health hast sought,
 With thy dear Lord, kind Partner of each Thought.
 But yet when Glory calls, That Health's a Toy:
 Back ye return, and Sacrifice with Joy
 All soft Concern, to dear *Britannia's* Name,
 Assign my Muse This Pair, to Deathless Fame.

PLYMOUTH, and Courtly *SCARBOROUGH*, here here,
 Well finish'd *JERSEY*, to thy Aid appear.

Villiers's lovely Race! turn back my Muse;
 Back to a Scene, which thou canst not refuse,
 Shew all his Beauty, then, in manly Bloom;
 Shew *Jersey* weeping, at *Maria's* Tomb.
 Infectious were his Tears, so artfully they flow,
 As if, t'inspire the Beast he led, with Human Woe.

Thy Ancient House, O *PAULET*! we revere;
 Another *Cecil* lives again in *MARR*.
WEEMS and *NOTHESK* united, bravely show,
 That *Scottish* Honour can the World out-do.

O! *SAY* and *SEAL*, like *Roman Fabius*, thou
 Wear'st uncorrupted Laurel on thy Brow;
 Sufficient to it self, thy noble Soul,
 Without the lavish Plenty of the Bowl;
 Or *Phœbus* rising on the setting Feast,
 When with Luxurious Riots, each oppress'd,
 Reel to a Stupid, not a Native Rest.
 Of Honest Poverty grow Proud, and be't thy boast,
 Thou hast not rais'd thee at a Nation's Cost.

WEYMOUTH, for pious *Kenn*, must still be bless'd,
 O! God-like Act, to refuge the Distress'd!

O! Noble *Thynn*, this Deed alone does show
 The Richness of the Mine from whence such Samples
 (flow.

FERRERS (with Beauty blest) Rev'rend Wit & Love,
 Tough as the Oak, out-wears the wintry Sky.
 With Years and Honour crown'd, he treads the Stage,
 At Ninety mingles with a busy Age:
 His Body (not his ^{and} Soul) in vast Decay,
 When fair *Britannia* calls, he halts away,
 Nor numbers Years, or Miles, her Dictates to Obey.

Room, room, ye *Britains*, quick a Statue raise,
 Some Everlasting Obelisk of Praise
 To NORTH and GREY, his brave Right-hand he lost;
 Who can such Monuments of *Hockstet* boast?
 Yet fair *Britannia*, to defend thy Breast,
 The Hero stands resign'd, ready to yield the rest.

HOWARD, CHANDOIS, LEIGH, and LEXINGTON are thine,
 BERKLEY, in whom his Brother's Honour shines.

CRAVEN and OSBORN, LEEDS's worthy Son:
 DARTMOUTH, who all his Father has begun!
 Fam'd for his Love and Suff'rings for the Throne.

STAWEL, GUILFORD, BUTLER, of the *Ormond* Race,
 LEMSTER, and florid HAVERSHAM, thy Annals Grace.

GUERNSEY! and CONWAY, upright *Seymour's* Heir:
 But O, my FINCH! chiefly the Muse's Care,

En-

Enchanting Sweetness hangs upon thy Tongue;
 Not thy own *Medway* glides so smooth along,
 Ev'n those who hate the *Theme*, admire and love the
 [Song.]

Then cease *Britannia*, these portentous Tears;
 With such a Train of Heroes! who can fear?
 Each in himself, a Nation, to oppose,
 Or to offend, *Britannia's* daring Foes.

The awful Seats of *Justice* too are thine;
 And, which is more, the mighty Powers Divine:
 Bright in their sacred Ministers they shine.

Y O R K, so supremely Good, so great his Zeal,
 That what he Teaches, still, he seems to feel:
 With agonizing Pain, the Soul he warns,
 And whilst he speaks of Terrors, Terror charms!
 Th' primitive *Purity*, directs his Days;
 Sacred his Precepts, Sacred are his ways.
 O S H A R P! in times of *Popery* pursu'd,
 Yet with thy L O N D O N not to be subdu'd:
 Afflictions born for Duty, are but Sport,
 They bear the Rage of a *Bigotted* Court.
 Yet Loyal in their Suff'rings, teaching still,
 That God's *Vice-Gerept* here, can do no ill!

Or

Or like the Wrath of Heaven, in Plagues and Storms!
To be by Prayers atton'd, when of our Sins, it warns!

Noble DURHAM, Heav'n-born ROCHESTER.

HOOPER, and CHESTER, on thy side appear.

Their Holy Hands up-lifted, more avail,

Then, when with *War*, and *Fury*, Meu assail.

O! for some *Muse*, but not depress'd like mine;

That as they live, and move, their Mov'ments shou'd
[define,

All Brightness! all Resplendant! every Line.

But I, by *sland'rous* Imputations vex'd,

By *Prosecution*, frightned and perplex'd:

Low in my Fortune, low must be my Song;

Not to be rais'd, ev'n by this noble Throng:

My Zeal alone, wou'd all things dare to prove,

Worthy *Britannia*, and *Britannia's* Love.

Th' primitive Purity directs his Days;
Sacred his Precepts, sacred are his ways.

O S H A R P ! in times of *Rebels* burn'd,

Yet with thy *L O N D O N* not to be subdu'd:

Afflictions born for Duty, are but Sport.

They bear the Rage of a Bigotted Court.

Yet Loyal in their Sufferings, teaching still

That God's Voice Great here can do ill!

F I N I S.

